



Content to Gaze Apathetically Upon It.

ARCHIBALD'S AGATHA

By EDITH HUNTINGTON MASON
AUTHOR OF "THE REAL AGATHA"

SYNOPSIS.

Archibald Terhune, a popular and indolent young bachelor of London, receives news that he has been made heir to the estate of his Aunt Georgiana, with an income of \$20,000 a year, on condition that he becomes engaged to be married within ten days. Failing to do so, the legacy will go to a third cousin in America. The story opens at Castle Wyckoff, where Lord Vincent and his wife, friends of Terhune, are discussing plans to find him a wife within the prescribed time. It seems that Lady Vincent is one of seven persons named Agatha, all close girlhood chums. She decides to invite two of them to the castle and have Archibald choose between them. Agatha First is a breezy American girl. Lady Vincent tells her husband that Agatha Sixth already cares for Archibald. He gains from Agatha Sixth the admission that she cares for him, but will require a month's time fully to make up her mind. Agatha First, neglected by Terhune, receives attentions from Leslie Freer, four days of the previous time have passed when Terhune is called to London on business. Agatha First, on the plea of sickness, excuses herself from a motor trip planned by the Vincents. Later they see Agatha First picking flowers with a strange man. The Vincents discuss Agatha's seeming duplicity.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"Our marriage," I corrected. "Naturally," she said indulgently and laughed. "But I've always admired her," she went on; "she's so big and strong and has such tremendous vital force. I'm a little surprised that any one of such an open character could develop into such a plotter. It's all so frightfully underhand somehow. Why can't she come and tell me frankly all about it, whatever it is?"

"Perhaps Mrs. Chiltern could throw some light on the subject," I suggested. "I shouldn't wonder at all!" exclaimed Dearest. "Agatha First stayed much longer with her than Agatha Sixth did. I shall telephone her in the morning. What a smart little boy it is, to be sure, to think of that!" And I was more than paid for my happy thought by a pair of exquisite arms about my neck.

"I wonder what they'll have to say for themselves when they come in?" I said as we were going down to the drawing-room a little later.

"O, they won't come in together," said my wife; "that would be too much of a give away." And just then we perceived Agatha First standing at the foot of the stair-case waiting for us. She was alone, as Dearest had prophesied she would be.

"Hello!" she greeted us composedly. "Was it a nice party? Did you miss me?" And although I couldn't help thinking there was a new brilliancy about the girl in the unusual brightness of her dark eyes and the deeper glow of her color as she stood there, I thought such cheek deserved a cropper.

"Rippling!" I said, before Dearest could answer. "But where have you been? I thought you were supposed to be on the sick list today." But she didn't seem a bit embarrassed. "I was," she replied. "I didn't really feel like going way over to Northbury with you, but I thought a little outing would do my head good, so I went for a stroll."

"I see!" I said, and thought with indignation of the scene in the woods even as I noticed that the young lady did not wear the pongee auto coat she had worn then. "Left it in the machine, probably, to prevent suspicion!" I thought to myself, while Dearest said sweetly: "That's nice, dear; I'm glad you felt like going. Run along now and get ready for dinner. It's almost eight."

It was what we called between ourselves "The Incident of the Checked Coat" that really decided my wife to consult Mrs. Chiltern about Agatha First's strange behavior. The morning was fine and we had planned to take our guests to see some interesting ruins not quite 12 miles away, where an automobile was to meet us at noon with luncheon.

And maybe it wasn't good fun sitting there on a lot of jolly boulders and clumps of rock that I had collected with great pains and arranged at intervals about the cloth, grinning at each other across its goodly array of picnic dainties.

Dearest is a famous hand at planning that sort of thing. We had camped upon a small rise in the middle of an open space where great oak trees cut us off from sight of the road on the one hand, and broad meadows and wooded slopes fell away toward Hartmore stream on the other; the latter streaking the green of it all with silver a field or two away.

Close at hand the ruined chapel or convent which we had come to see piled itself in picturesque confusion, and we had reached that point in our merry-making when we were almost content to gaze apathetically upon it and listen unconprehendingly to Freer recite its history with never-fading accuracy and zeal.

He knows everything, that chap! And is disgustingly ready to give everybody else the benefit of his learning at all times. Agatha First was sitting near him, tho' not making any attempt to disguise her indifference to his pedantic discourse, while Arch and Agatha Sixth, I am glad to say, were carrying on a whispered conversation together on the other side of the cloth. Dearest and I sat together, of course, at one end of the square, and as I said to her in a low tone so that the others could not hear I thought Arch was playing up to the part she and I had selected for him, that of Agatha Sixth's lover, a little better than usual. He was certainly all attention to the girl at his side and listened to her every word with the eager interest of the most devoted suitor. And the delicate face of Miss Lawrence was alive with feeling and glowing pink even without the aid of the rose-colored parasol she carried.

"O, what do you think?" she cried in her soft, cultivated voice. "Mr. Terhune says that the ruins are haunted! By the ghost of a nun that was shut up in the wall once!" Her really wonderful black eyes were bright with interest and I thought she made a rather dazzling picture in her white frock and the fictitious aureole of pink sunshade about her. But I couldn't swallow a bare-faced whopper like that, for that nun story is so old. So I had just begun to explain that Arch was chaffing her, and the ghost racket his own invention entirely, when I caught his expression and my wife's eye. The former was embarrassed and the latter severe, and I stopped in the middle of a sentence as I fathomed the combined significance of eye and look.

"So that's it, is it?" I thought to myself. "Poor old boy! He's so much in love he doesn't know what he's saying. Anything will do as long as she will listen! And I'm deuced glad to see it, too!"

But Freer showed less perspicacity. Though of course there's this to be said, he didn't have the key to the situation as I did, and challenged poor old Arch's story of the nun, and in five minutes had him shoveling proper, the old fellow at last having to take refuge in the statement that it must have been some other ruins he had in mind. Strange to say, however, for all his learning Freer did not win a smile from Agatha Sixth, who only turned to Terhune with more interest than ever as a result of his efforts.

It was then that Dearest made her remark about motoring over to see Mrs. Chiltern on the following day. It was an innocent enough remark and very casually said, but it seemed to have an electrifying effect upon Agatha First. She jumped up and came over to my wife.

"Don't do that!" she said, low and earnestly; "please don't, Agatha, dear!" Dearest was surprised, and, by Jove, so was I, or puzzled, at least! The girl seemed so awfully earnest about not wishing us to see Mrs. Chiltern—out of all proportion to the importance of her request, it seemed to me. "But why not?" my wife couldn't help asking.

"Because we have such a little time left to be together, you and Lord Vincent and Mr. Terhune and Agatha Sixth and myself," she said. "Mr. Terhune tells me he has to go back to London in a day or two, and I think it's a shame to waste a whole day by going over to Chiltern house! Besides, you said they owed you a call!" She had lowered her voice during this last statement, but it was not necessary. Freer had strolled off to the ruins and Archibald and Agatha Sixth were too absorbed in each other's company to notice us.

Her reasons were specious and illogical enough, but Dearest, to my surprise, seemed inclined to accept them and I had to interfere. "They do owe us a call," I said, "but that wouldn't prevent us from having a jolly time of it if we all chose to go over together! On the contrary, it would be something to do!"

Then Agatha First, evidently goaded into a corner, set her young face in a fashion that was almost desperate. "But Agatha Fourth—Mrs. Chiltern—aren't there!" she declared. "She told me she was going down to London for a week or two!"

Dearest stared at her, but she did not ask her, as I wanted to do, why she hadn't said so in the first place. Instead she took pity on Agatha First's white face, for the girl had actually turned pale, and assured her charitably that she had entirely given up all thought of an expedition to Chiltern house, though, as I told her afterward, obviously the young lady was cramming her. But Dearest has the kindest heart in the world.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It Sounded Hopeful. A young man who was not particularly entertaining was monopolizing the attention of a pretty debutante with a lot of uninteresting conversation.

"Now, my brother," he remarked in the course of a dissertation on his family, "is just the opposite of me in every respect. Do you know my brother?"

"No," the debutante replied demurely. "But I should like to."—Human La.



"DOING" GIRLS' HAIR

AMPLE DIVERSION IN THE COIFFURES FOR CHILDREN.

Wisdom in Changing the Place of Bow and Parting—Ribbon Fillets for Decoration of Very Small Girls.

There is ample diversion in the coiffure arrangements meted out to the little girl of this generation, far more than in the old days. Formerly, a mother once having satisfied herself that a certain design suited her daughter, adhered to that design until the time came for the hair to be "done up."

To change the mode in which the hair is worn from time to time is good for it. Even a bow continually tied in

the ends of the hair implies weighting the tresses with hard rolls that will render the child's slumbers restless.

Some little girls are much more sensitive than others and require a specially soft touch when their hair is brushed. The process should be undertaken with a gentle, steady and soothing hand, morning and night, after which the hair should be plaited loosely to prevent tangles and broken hair during the hours of sleep.

The comb should be used with particular care, not the full length of the locks at first, but little by little, extending its range after all tangles have been removed from the ends, until the whole length may be combed through without encountering a single knot. A silk handkerchief used to burnish the hair has the effect of producing a soft gloss, but no artificial aid, such as grease, should be necessary.

It is asserted by many mothers that brushing an infant's hair upwards when it is damp has the effect of making it curl, and that the curling tendency will continue as long as the hair is twisted round the fingers, even after it has reached a length of many inches.

Ribbon fillets and bows are the chosen decoration of the coiffures of very small girls, adapted to suit the different dressing chosen. If there be a center parting and the hair is to be tied up out of the way plaits are made and bound with ribbon at the ends, or the hair is looped up and the bows appear above the ears. Some little girls look very quaint and charming with their "pigtail" wound spirally over the ears, a method that is useful when the hair is to be protected as much as possible from sand showers on the seashore.

The simpler the mode of arrangement when a little girl's hair is dressed for polite occasions, the better for her appearance and the well-being of her pretty tresses. The side parting, the center parting and the straightly cut fringe all have their exponents. Hair "as lank as a yard of pump water" is not so often seen, and immoderately crisply curled or unduly locks are taboo. The happy mean is the best choice of all, and the ways in which it is secured should be compatible with the child's comfort and the well-being of the hair.

Have Regular Mending Day for the Afternoon.

Wise Housewife Will Set Aside a Period for the Repair of All Her Clothing.

There is nothing on earth like system; and nowhere do you realize this more than in matters of dress. The tiny hole in your stocking, that you might have mended in two minutes, grows into an undarnable "run"; the rip under the arm in your new blouse extends alarmingly; nothing that must be mended stays "where it is put."

The remedy for all this is a regular mending day—or a regular mending evening, if you are a business woman. As soon as a garment needs mending—if it be only a button or a hook that must be replaced—put it aside, unless it is so necessary that you must attend to the trouble at once; and when mending day rolls around do the required sewing. You will be surprised to find how much lighter your work becomes when you can thus catch rents and tears at their start instead of at their disastrous finish.

The other point to remember is always to have your sewing implements where you can get them and in perfect order. Do not wait until the very moment for mending to find that you are out of white thread or that your needles are rusty. When a thing needs repairing, repair it; when it needs replacing, replace it. It might even be a good thing to have a regular "preparation day" to antedate the mending one.

Evening Wraps. Many of the new evening wraps, particularly the broadcloth ones, are almost in Louis XV. style, with a rather tight belt around the waist and long slashed sleeves with lace ruffles. Empire wraps are also seen, mostly in chiffon and linen and matching the frock, or else in black. Mauve is another general favorite for these. Gilded evening coats of corded silk are a pretty novelty, and so is pink crepe, lined with black chiffon or silk. These last named capes are usually draped in one of the charming fashions which have the advantage to the home dressmaker of being simplicity as well as beauty itself.

To Even a Skirt Edge. Finish the skirt at the top and put it on, just as you would wear it. Rub chalk on the edge of a table and, standing against it, turn around so the

EMBROIDERING ON TWO SIDES

How to Acquire an Art in Needlework Which Until Now Has Been Monopolized by Orientals.

In embroidering articles of dress it is an immense help if the embroidery is alike on both sides. The orientals have for some time monopolized this art, but that is not at all an unavoidable condition, for we could acquire the trouble easily if we would bestow a little method and patience and accurate stitches. What an advantage this treatment is in scarfs, neckties, fans, jabots and tuniclets!

Begin with easy designs, neither intricate nor elaborate, in a frame, so that both hands can be used. Raised satin stitch is the most suitable, the stitches slightly slanting. Fill in your pattern as you go, and fasten off each thread securely and invisibly—you must follow the outline accurately. To work a dot the same on both sides, begin in the center, finishing first one half and then the other. Hems must not be outlined; conventionalized patterns are more easily

worked in this way. Of course, you must never use a knot; and put the stitches very close together, but never overlap. Use both hands, one above the other, in working.

Wool Embroidery.

Wool embroidery is the latest trimming for afternoon gowns. Some of the combinations seen are blue wool on white gazon de soie, gray wool on gray tulle over satin of the same shade, and mauve wool on blue linen soie.

The wool used is the same kind that is employed for knitting or crocheting. On heavier materials it is used in various bright colors in an oriental effect, and is very striking.

Chenille Caps.

Parisian women have taken with enthusiasm to the new knitted caps of chenille, mostly in red and other bright colors, very flat and untrimmed. These are warm, light and pretty, and will be much worn this winter for skating, etc., and as traveling caps. The idea originated with a little girl who sold dolls' caps of this sort at the Paris races.

In the new "swallow blue" ninon, trimmed with black velvet. The bolero effect is indicative of one of the season's most popular modes.

chalk mark will encircle the skirt. Take off the skirt and measure from the chalk mark an equal distance all around to the hem. Since the chalk mark is well below the hips, the difference in length will be above that.

Linen Napkin Rings. A white linen napkin ring is a dainty affair, and makes an unusual gift. To make it, cut a narrow piece of linen the required length, and scallop and buttonhole the edge, finishing the end in a point.

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Odd News From Big Cities

Stories of Strange Happenings in the Metropolitan Towns

Mine Fraud Gang Gets Many Millions



NEW YORK.—Three hundred thousand dollars of easy money pour into the offices of fraudulent mining stock brokers of New York every day, according to conservative estimates made by Post Office Inspector Warren W. Dickson. In the last three years \$100,000,000 has been fished from the pockets of small investors and women. Thirty million dollars went into the coffers of one concern alone. A hundred million went to all of them during the three years preceding the panic of 1907.

The estimate is that the fraudulent operations this year will be \$73,000,000, and the figures are on the increase. A so-called "nuckers' list," bearing the names of 250,000 who have "bit" and will probably bite again, is the most prized asset of the big concerns that do the business. Under a working "understanding" they all have access to the same list of victims.

The magnitude of the fraudulent operations has caused the postal authorities to concentrate a strong force in opposition to the bogus mining concerns. Inspector Dickson, formerly stationed at St. Louis, who was the first man to put a check on the "green

goods" game, has been placed in charge of the New York department. As a warning to the "nuckers" he has told about the "Buckers' Directory." "Down in Pine street," he says, "there is today a well furnished office, most conservative in appearance, the 'Buckers' Directory' of the fraud gang. The man in charge of the office has never been suspected of his calling, and none of his associates believes that it is anything but legitimate. I am informed that the list of names is now nearing the quarter million mark, and growing daily. As soon as the concern puts out more literature, they consult the directory in order to get quick returns. Whenever a new victim bites his name is added to the list."

"Some day soon I hope the people whose names are on this list will know how they are considered by the men who have taken their money. The list is arranged after the fashion of a Dun or Bradstreet's directory."

A "Don't be a fool" person has to do is to have a full page in a metropolitan paper advertising a banana, then scatter smaller advertisements through the country periodicals, usually reproducing the New York advertisements, with the statement: "Look what New York thinks of our investment," for the money to begin to pour in. The "Buckers' Directory" does the rest. There are skyscrapers in this city where bags of United States mail are carried in every day laden with checks and money orders, and not one penny of it gets outside the pockets of the promoters.

Censorship for the Moving Pictures



ST. LOUIS.—Very few of the many thousands of persons who nightly attend the moving picture shows and see the words, "Licensed by the National Board of Censorship," flashed on the screen at the end of a film know what the sentence means. They have a vague idea that the film has undergone some sort of scrutiny. They do not know whether the work has been well or indifferently done, except as they judge from the film.

The line flashed on the screen is in reality a seal of respectability, for the films that receive the approbation of the board are supposed to have had all objectionable features removed, if there were any that needed removal.

The People's Institute of New York started the censorship. The national board grew out of that. Now it is censoring 90 per cent. of the films that are put on the circuits, most of the manufacturers voluntarily offering their films to be passed on because they appreciate the value of the seal of respectability which the approval of the censors gives.

Twice a week, on Mondays and Fridays, the censorship committee meets to pass on the films. Before a film is shown printed cards are passed around to the censors. On them may be registered either absolute approval or disapproval, or any features that might be considered doubtful or objectionable noted.

If there are all approvals, the film is, of course, passed without further ado. If there are all rejections, it is, with a little ado, thrown out. But if only certain parts come in for either absolute disapproval or doubt such portions as they object to must either be stricken out entirely or modified according to their suggestions.

In practice the manufacturers find that the best means of avoiding trouble is to secure the ideas of the censors before the film is produced. It is possible to do this, because a scenario is made out for each film, just as if a drama were to be presented at a theater.

To produce these picture plays, regular companies of actors are formed, just as if they were to have speaking parts in a theater. Their parts are made out for them, and they are censored—not in words, but in action. Now the careful manufacturer sends his scenario to the censors for approval, or for modification, if considered necessary.

Little "Cowboy" Meets Tragic Death



CHICAGO.—It was a game of "Indian." In the fertile imagination of four-year-old "Captain Jack" Sexton, the alley was peopled with hawk-eyed savages and the red-skinned scouts looked down menacingly from the tops of the neighboring buildings. A war bonnet shone above an adorning fence, but a well aimed shot from a wooden rifle laid its wearer in the dust.

To the little band led by "Captain Jack" the scene was not in the rear of the Sexton home at 6455 Ingleside avenue, but was instead in the vague plains of the west, where once the Apache left his bones beside those of his pale-faced enemy. To them the fire around which they romped was a camp fire, and beyond the circle of its light lay all the dangers of a trackless wilderness.

But rescue came too late, though the child was hurried to the hospital and tender hands cut the charred cowboy suit from the senseless form and dressed the seared flesh.

And while his broken brethren moaned and wept at his bedside "Captain Jack" entered that uncharted land more vast than all the plains beneath the sun.

Women Carry Dolls Instead of Dogs

PARIS.—The very latest is to carry a doll instead of a dog. The foolish craze began in Paris a month ago. The idea originated in the cracked brain of that same King of Fashion who is guilty of originating the hobble skirt. Babies? Such things must be left at home in charge of the nurse. Dolls are not such a nuisance as babies and dogs.

These dolls that have ended the day of the pet dog are wondrous affairs. They have a very decorative effect and are the most expensive toys that the woman of fashion has had to play with. The dolls themselves are worth only a few dollars. They have bisque features, human hair and reversible joints, and are about thirty inches high. But they are gowned completely by the most celebrated modists in Paris. Here the cheapest sell for \$50. From there they run up to \$200 each. Add the \$50 duties and transportation to New York and they will sell there at from \$150 to \$250. Their originator argues that they will give an incentive to women to spend more money in dress—it will raise the standard of

artistic taste. As if wealthy women needed to spend any more on dress than they do today!

The only drawback about the new fad is the weight and size of the dolls. They weigh about twenty pounds and a toy Pom weighs six, but the doll keeps still and the dog doesn't. Those of the 400 who lack muscle will take their dolls about in their motor cars, only carrying them when they alight for a languid shopping expedition.

Those women who set the fashions in Paris, the favorites of visiting kings and lesser potentates, first appeared at the swagger restaurants with the dolls. Immediately the "high world" had to imitate the "half world." Proprietors of New York shops returned home with the bedecked dolls and the fad is on. London has already taken up the craze.

Awful English Pun.

A young lady began singing and kept it up until her two canaries sank back exhausted in their efforts to out-sing her. Now we understand the meaning of the old saw about killing two birds with one stone.—London Tit-Bit.

Buckwheat Comes From Asia.

Buckwheat was first cultivated in England in 1597. It had been brought into Europe from Asia 100 years before.